

“To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
* * * * *
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us
Every year.”

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
JAMES EDWARD LEWIS, 32°

A NOBLE OF AL KORAN TEMPLE,
Called within the veil of the Unseen Temple,
Tuesday, Nov. 3d, 1891.

“Alas how sadly sleeps thy face amid the sunshine's glow!
The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send;
Woe that it smiles, and not for thee! my brother and my friend!”